
POETRY.

U.S. One among the many accomplishments of *There here* is the power of writing graceful verses, as all readers of the *Winds* attest in his "From Cornhill to Cairo" with remembrance. The following lines are also said to have been written by him; they are appropriate to the frontispiece of an 'Annual.' A Spanish damsel is seen hastening to church with a large prayer book, and a youth is hidden in a niche watching her:—

The Church Porch.

Although I enter not,
Yet around about the spot

And at the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait
Expectant of her.

The Minister bell tolls out
Above the City's towers
The death of a great soul
Whom the world has lost.

Add noise and humming
 They've stopp'd the chiming bell;
 I hear the organ's swell—
 She's coming, she's coming.
 My lady comes at last,
 Timid and smiling—
 And hastening hither
 With modest eyes down-cast;
 She's come—she's here—she's past—
 May heaven go with her.
 Kneel undisturbed fair saint,

I peeky and duly,
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unwary.
 But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute,
 Then I will go.

All see through Heaven's gate
 Angels within it.
SELECT VARIETY.
 [FOR THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER.]

CAUDLE LECTURES AT HOME.
 "This is a pretty time of night to come home, ain't it?" I would just like to know where you have been, Mr. Caudle? If is too much to endure,—

There is not a 12 o'clock, last night it was the same, and the night before,—and as to-morrow is Saturday, I suppose you will stay out all night. This is the way we women are treated. No wonder that the women are determined to have a Convention to redress their wrongs. Now, I should just

My dear, I only staid out to take an oyster supper with some friends.

can't put up with it, and I won't, that's more.—I would like to know who them friends are, that are so fond of oyster suppers, come, just tell.

My dear,—

Don't dear me, Mr. Caudle.

Well my love,—

Don't love me.
Well my darling—
Don't be darling me.
I was just going—
No going about it—Mr. Caudle, just tell me!

There it is again; *dear and good wife*, as if no body else had a good wife.

I don't know any thing about it. But who pays Mr. Caudle—that's the question? You know you can't afford it?

No, Mr. Caudle, as long as you are fond of oyster suppers and brandy, and that hateful Mrs. Peter Tompkins, you never will have a dollar. Her is your lawful wife you know, wants a new satin

dress, and a pink shawl, and a nice lace cap, and ornamented Jenny Lynd boots, and—and—and you know what—to go to Mr. Candy's party. Then there is our daughter Jenny Lynd Theresa Parod Caudle, she wants a new dress. Then there is

dress. Then there is our dear little George Washington Caudle, he must have a good winter dress and you without a dollar. It's too bad, Mr. Caudle, I can't stand it; and I won't. I'll go to the Women's Rights Convention, and have a law passed

will, Mr. Caudle—and I'll make a law to make married men stay at home—that I will. It's no use in having a husband, and be all the time running after that Mrs. Peter Thompkins—yes I will, Mr. Caudle. Why dont you come to bed—and no

keep me awake all night?
 "My dear—
 "Don't dear me—
 "As soon as I smoke my cigar I'll come—
 "You should'nt smoke in my chamber—it's dis-
 graceful, it will set the children a laughing."

are always smoking, chewing and drinking—it's too bad, Mr. Gaudle,—it's too much for women's nature to bear. And here Mrs. Gaudle had to take rest from exhaustion. Mr. Gaudle during the quiet, supposing Mrs. Gaudle had gone to sleep.

I would like to know if there is to be no end to this. My dear, I thought you were asleep. I should like to know how women can sleep treated as they are. Now if you want to eat or

Well my dear, if you have sacrificed your happiness, we had better—

Oh, my dear I thought—
You thought—Oh, you men that is all you d
think—and we poor wives have to bear all the
burdens, and be neglected in this manner. I can
stand everything, Mr. Caudle, and I tell you now

I won't. I go to the next Women's Rights emancipation Convention, and make a law to emancipate the poor married women, yes I will—the you will see what will become of you, Mr. Caudle, you will have no wife to mend your pantaloons.

Mrs. Peter Tompkins, aint goin' to find you oyster suppers, after your dear wife is emancipated. Look to it, Mr. Caudle—look to it, Mr. Caudle I say—Here at a late hour Mr. & Mrs. Caudle fell asleep.

“A Jew once lent a large sum of money to man for whom he had professed great friendship but, instead of charging the usual rate of interest, 6 per cent, he charged 2 per cent. The borrower remonstrated and asked the lender if he did not believe in the existence of God.
He replied: ‘No!’

"Ab!" exclaimed the old Hebrew, with a grim
"I thought of that, too; but when God looks down
upon it, *from above*, the *Q* will appear like a."

"Oh! beg pardon sir! I took you for my husband!"